

A Satyr upon Tyrconnells coming over to *Ireland*, to be Lord Deputy of that Kingdom.

By an English Protestant there.

14. March. 1682

A Rise old Neptune, shake thy forked Spear,
Make all the Fish i'th' Sea, now Quake for fear :
Make Wind and Weather, now their fury show,
And Raife up Tempests, from the Shades below :
Cover the face of heaven, with mourning Clouds :
Let Storms & Thunder, break down Sails & Shrowds.
Now Neptune, look about thee, hold him fast :
Send him to'th' bottom, by some furious blast :
Now thou hast got him, so far from the Shore :
Sink him, that he may plague the Land no more :
Tyrconnel, Oh Tyrconnel ! that is he :
Make him thy Prisoner, never set him free :
For if thou dost, thou never more maist find
So fit a time, to pleasure all mankind :
O mighty Neptune some Count thee a God ;
For shame then, let this Rebel feel thy Rod :
Command thy Instruments, raise all thy power :
Let fish, or something, now this prey devour :
Let vengeance fright him, let not plagues forsake him :
If he Scape Drowning, let the Gallows take him :
Let him not find the least degree of hope :
But what may straight be chang'd into a Rope :
If he should scape, both Sea and Gallows too,
The Devil himself will scarce know what to do :
This Cursed, Popish, Hectoring, Rome-bred Elf,
Will think he's grown, great *Belzebub* himself,
And so displace, even all the Devils in Hell,
Lest they in mischief should himself excel :
Which to prevent, he'll get a conjuring wand,
And list them all under his own Command :
He'll purge his Army, with a Popish Pill,
And make the Devils subject to his will :
Out goes a man, and in his Vacant place,
In steps a Devil, with a Romish face ;
A Bonny-Clabber-Rogue, whose lice would fill
An Empty Bag, left by his Fathers will :
That's good for nothing, but to steal a sheep,
Or cut an English throat, when fast asleep.
These are the Blades, the Trusty hearts of Oak :
That must give hereticks their fatal stroak :
And now without the help of Jew or Turk,
Our Pope can thus accomplish his own work :
Ha boys ! Rejoyce, what power can now withstand
The Popes designs led by this mighty hand ?
Where Pope and Devil, and great *Tyrconnells* force,
Are thus Combin'd, to Rout both Foot and Horse :
Now Protestants look to't, we'll pay you off ;
We'll now Remember every little scoff ;
How you sometimes, reproach our pretty Nuns,
And Friars too, our Churches Bawdy Sons :
They can't agree, to make a Brat together, (ther.
But straight your Tongues must run, we know not whi-
Come Tories, come, Let's Rant, and Drink and Roar,
And Sacrifice unto the *Romish Whore* :
Drink the Popes health, with Draughts of English blood ;
For Popish Stomachs, nothing is so good :
The Day's our own, let's Tap our Romish Wine ;
Let's make our hay, now whilst our Sun doth Shine.
Our time's but short, our zeal must be the more,
To fill the Cup, of our Blood-thirsty Whore,
Whose hungry paunch, has long time kept a fast ;
For pitty sake, let's feast her now at last :
In doing so, his Holiness will blefs us,
And with our fellow-Devils of hell possess us :
He keeps the Keys, of Purgatory and Hell,
And will Reward such faithful service well :
Those that can Laugh to hear a heretick groan,
Shall sit with *Pluto*, on his smoaky Throne :
But those that can't in murder Sing and Glory,
Shall only be advanc'd to Purgatory.
Let this encourage all, both High and Low,
Whilst we have time, to strike one hearty blow :
A Blow that may secure the Tripple Crown,
And bring Reformist, with a vengeance, down :
A Blow that may our Catholick cause Advance,
And make it's Brats about a May-pole Dance :
A blow that may, for ever split the hopes
Of Hereticks that Rant against our Popes.

March on, *Tryfanor*, whilst we sing thy praise,
For these long look't for gallant Popish days :
For tho' we know thou art a Tory-Cur,
Yet thou hast given the Whigs a Devillish slur :
Tho' we are Dogs, yet we're of thy own breed ;
A Tory-Crew, better to hang than feed :
Thy worthy praises we can loudly yelp ;
Hail ! then, *Tryfanor*, oh thou hopeful Whelp,
Thy very name declares thy nature true,
We'll burn the Gallows, lest they claim their due :
So may we march, without controul or fear,
Cerberus i'th' Van, and *Talbot* in the Rear ;
We'll set our Bagpipes, to the briskest Notes,
And in thy praise we'll rend our very Throats :
We'll tune those strings, which were for ages sad :
And with brave Catholick Songs, We'll now grow mad :
The mighty Patron of thy Countrys wo,
Devillishly lov'd, and ever will be so :
For why old Nick, does never use to fail
Such Tools as feed, upon the Dragons Tail :
With Caps cast up, we'll tear the very ground,
And make the Infernals Leap, to hear the sound :
The Prince of Darknes, sure will join with us,
To see us rais'd to Hellish honour thus :
Phlegon, let's see thy face, to make us sport : (Court,
Who Crown'd with Worm-wood, came from *Pluto's*
And fraught with praise, for deeds of Darknes done,
Deserves the stile of *Belzebubs* own Son :
Thy face, thy face, O that rich face of thine,
A rusty Bullet scarce so much doth shine :
Nature has cram'd thy Pockets too, with store
Of good Potatoes, that they'll hold no more :
By Sea and Land, thy valour has been known,
In Field, or Bog, each Girl, was still thy own :
And at this day thy strange prevailing hand
Procures ail Curses to this groaning Land :
For like a Basilisk, fill'd with Venom store,
Thou'rt come to Poison all the Irish shore :
The Toads and Frogs St. *Patrick* banisht hence,
Are all return'd, to stand in thy defence :
Our gallant Popish King, has sent thee hither,
To teach us all to Dance, we know not whither ;
We with we ben't at last, all hand'd together.
Hail ! Hail ! *Amisheus*, Frost and Snow, and Hail,
Thunders and Earthquakes, wait upon thy Tail :
Hail Scab of Courts ; Hail ! Pet of Popish rage !
Hail shining Serpent, of this present age !
Hail *Cerberus* Peer, by God and Man abhor'd !
Hail Monster, such as *Africk* can't afford !
Hail *Hydra's* Heart ! Hail, nothing can be worse !
Grim *Plutos* Darling, and the Peoples Curse :
Let Hail like Millstones, fall upon thy Head,
And never cease till Hail has struck thee Dead.
The States of Greece could not with greater Joy :
Receive their Dukes returning home from *Troy* :
Nor Pope rejoyce more in his power and places,
Than we to see thee hang'd before our faces :
Dye then, *Tryfanor* Dye, and go no further,
For God will surely Judge, for Blood and Murder :
And that's the Gospel, that thou dost defend,
May *Haman's* portion quickly be thy end :
May all true Church-men, now themselves prepare
To break thy Neck, with this new Common prayer :
Thy days are evil, may they be but few,
Lord make that part of *Jacobs* Lot thy due :
May good St. *Coleman* never quiet be,
Till thou hast thy reward, as well as he :
May *Plunkets* Ghost, for ever thee affright,
And drive thee soon, into eternal night :
And may St. *Stafford* never let thee rest,
Till of Infernal mansions thou'rt possesst :
And may St *Grove* and *Pickering* hither clamber,
And drag thee hence into thy Brimstone Chamber :
May *Belzebub* thy Carkas all ingross :
From all such Popish Nimrods, *Liber a Nos* :
In fine, may *Pluto*, and his hellish Crew,
Combine to fetch thee, as their present due :
And may this Nation, fill'd with honest flames,
Ne're want a Curse to sling upon such names.